

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



A LETTER NOT MEANT FOR BARRY.

## DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CLOUGH CLAIMS HIS LEGACY.

THE time was getting on for three months since Mr. Lloyd's death, and the vividness of Clough's terror and remorse had faded. It is true that now and then he was overtaken by a panic-fear when he was alone in his almost empty house, to which he had returned from the force of long habit; though most of his old neighbours were gone, and had left no trace, having gone down in the great whirlpool of the famine,

never more to be seen by him. Like other operatives, he could now get enough work, to keep, as he said, body and soul together: but the hard times still lasted, and were likely to last, until the war was over, in spite of occasional importations of colonial cotton. A feeling of chronic dulness and gloom had settled down upon the Lancashire districts, unlike the sharp, biting famine of 1862, but equally unlike the energy and spirit of prosperous days. There were a good many idle hours, during which the mill hands sauntered about weariedly, or sat in the broil-

ing heat of the summer sun upon the doorsteps of their poor houses. Clough's long sojourn amid country superstitions and country gossip was over; and he was back again among his fellows, men of very material mould, who could neither see ghosts nor believe in them. He began to blame himself for acting like a fool in making so sudden a retreat from Clunbury Heath House. Not a syllable of news had reached him from it, and, so far as he knew, his disappearance had excited no remark. He certainly had been a "jolterhead" for not staying to hear what was in the old master's will.

It was Saturday evening when his mind reached this point, and the next afternoon he determined to visit Mark Fletcher at the Sunday-school of which he was the superintendent. He was the superintendent still, for since his residence in the country, he had run down by train to Manchester every other Saturday, in order to keep up his connection with his beloved school. A vice-superintendent had been elected, but Mark held his post as chief and head; and the levées in his private room were more numerous attended than ever. Clough met with no hindrance in obtaining an interview with him; such requests from working men were common enough, and were promptly attended to by Mark. There was, just then, a full in the afternoon business; all the classes were settled, and none required his immediate supervision; so when a message was brought to him that a stranger waited to see him in his own room, he proceeded there cheerfully and instantly.

A sudden heart-quake shook Mark's cheerfulness and composure when he saw Clough seated on the chair nearest the door, in an attitude of unconscious but unmistakable doggedness, with a face expressive of a hard-set and stubborn determination. That question as to whether he had acted well or ill in destroying Mr. Lloyd's will was not yet quite settled in Mark's mind, but was discussed there incessantly, whenever his thoughts were at leisure. It was lying always in the purlieus of his brain, in readiness to stalk forth with new vigour and under new aspects as soon as it could command attention. He could not answer the question; there was the difficulty. He was sure that if he were placed in the same circumstances again, he should do the same thing; and he believed that other men would have been as guilty as he. It was one of those perplexing doubts to which conscience answers doubtfully. And yet Mark felt a strange qualm of disquietude and apprehension when he met the steady and dogged gaze of Clough.

"Aw'm come to ask yo'," said Clough, abruptly, "if yo' hanna' been seeking after me?"

"No, my good fellow," answered Mark, in a propitiatory tone, "what should I want with you?"

"Be n't yo' Mr. Lloyd's executor?" asked Clough.

"Yes, I am," he replied, "you knew that before you left Clunbury."

"Well, then," said Clough, with increasing doggedness, "where is my legacy? Yo' oughten to have sought me out to pay it me."

"Your legacy!" repeated Mark, in utter astonishment.

"Ay! the legacy left me in the ould maister's last will," continued Clough, "made i' February last year, and witnessed by me and Nanny. He left her and me a legacy in it, he said, and here aw am to ask yo' for it."

Mark had turned away for a minute, occupying himself with some papers on the chimney-piece. Now he sat down in his large, official-looking chair at the head of the table, and looked as steadily into Clough's face as Clough had been looking into his.

"There was no mention at all of your name in Mr. Lloyd's will," he said; "there was an annuity of twenty pounds to Nanny; but everything else was bequeathed to his nephews and nieces."

"But was that will signed by me and Nanny?" inquired Clough.

"No," answered Mark "your name was not in the will at all; and if it had been, your signature as witness would have made the legacy to yourself void."

"But there's another will!" cried Clough; "it were made, aw tell yo', last year, while aw were in his house. And he left me some money, and aw must see if aw conna' get it. Aw'm a poor man, Mr. Fletcher, and money is money to me."

"There is no such a will, Clough," said Mark, earnestly, "take my word for it. Mr. Lloyd's will was fair and just; and no one can have any right to dispute it."

"Ay! but aw have," persisted Clough, "me and Nanny know 'at another will was made and wrote out by Mr. Lloyd, for we seen him do it, and aw con swear to it. And he said, 'Aw've provided for you and Nanny.' He spoke of it agen and agen; and aw'll take my oath there's another will."

"But where is it?" asked Mark.

"Aw'll tell yo'," he answered, eagerly: "i' th' ould maister's chamber there's a little cupboard i' th' wall over the mantel-shelf, and he put it there. Aw could see him through a nich i' th' door. Maybe nobry has found out the little cupboard yet; but it's there, for sure."

Again Mark felt a heart-sinking come across him. The secret was not his own, then; and he had sufficient knowledge of the law to know that a penalty might follow his infringement of it which would overshadow all his fair fame, and brand his future life. His steady eyes drooped for a moment before Clough, but only for a moment.

"Mr. Lloyd may have destroyed that will," he said.

"He didn't," replied Clough, with growing pertinacity; "it were the very neet before he deed 'at aw watched him put it away i' that little cupboard. Yo' see, there were a leet shining through his door, and aw crept down to look if aught were amiss, and aw see him, as plain as aw see yo', put away the packet, and a bag o' summat, a black bag like a bag o' coin, into th' hole; and aw knew it agen for the will aw signed. It were tied about wi' a bit o' white ribbin, and sealed wi' great black seals. Aw'll take my oath of that."

Mark was silent, thinking with great heaviness of heart. To tell a bold lie, and support it by other lies, was utterly impossible to him. What could he say to this man? How should he satisfy him? Would it be a politic course to confess to him his deed, relying upon that cold, almost forgotten claim of gratitude, which Clough had professed at the death of his wife? He scanned Clough's face closely, and decided not to do it.

"Clough," he said, a sudden question occurring to his mind, "if you knew all this, and expected a legacy, how was it you made such haste to get away as soon as the inquest was over? Why did you not

give me this information then, and see after your own rights?"

It was Clough's turn to be disquieted. His face changed, assuming an expression of troubled dread, and his hands grasped the edge of the table, as they had once grasped the top bar of the gate past which the fatal engine had rushed. But he rallied himself sufficiently to reply, in a choked voice.

"It were no business of mine to stop," he said; "aw were sick to death of th' country, and aw thought it 'ud be your place to let me know. Aw were free to come or go as soon as th' 'quest were over. Aw'd ha' done better and more wiselike maybe to stop; but aw did na'; and that's a' about it."

"Well," said Mark, rising from his chair to bring the interview to an end, "I am going to Clunbury to-morrow, and I will look if there is such a place as you describe, with the will in it. But I give you my opinion that you will be disappointed. Depend upon it there is no such a will. The house is undergoing repair, and the cupboard would have been discovered before now."

"But there's a bag o' gold as well!" cried Clough, excitedly.

Mark shivered, though it was a hot summer's day, for he had made no secret of his discovery of the gold, and the natural conclusion in every mind would be that he had found the will at the same time. He had despised the cautious evasions he had been compelled to utter, and if asked point-blank if he had found and destroyed the will he must own the truth. The case, it was evident, must run on now to the end, and dimly he saw in the distance the point to which it tended.

"I have no more time to spare now," he said to Clough, somewhat sharply; "the classes are coming in for dismissal, and my presence is necessary. If you wish to say anything more to me, you will find me here again this day fortnight."

He did not wait to hear Clough's reply, but opened the door quickly, and passed through the lobby into the central hall. It was already nearly full, and the sight was a cheerful yet solemn one. These close ranks of men and women, of boys and girls, whose faces brightened as they met his glance, were his own flock, his peculiar charge. He cared for them with a tenderness and strength to be felt only by those who give up much, if not the whole, of their lives to the building up of so fair a work. He had been always ready to spend and to be spent for them, having a sufficient recompense in that sweet sense of their love and esteem which had been as daily food to his soul. If he could only stand up before them, telling them of the deeds he had done, and the dire consequences that might follow, he felt that he could endure any legal penalty. But how great a shock would fall upon them! How miserably would he be misunderstood, and hardly judged by even these, his friends, his scholars, his followers! He took his place on the platform, and looked round him sadly. It might be the last time he should stand there a man of honour and unblemished reputation. Before another fortnight had ended, he might be, in the eyes of the law and of society, a felon.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—A LOVE-LETTER IN WRONG HANDS.

As Mark had supposed, no other hoard of gold had been discovered in the Heath House, but none the

less were the workmen employed in the repairs on the eager look-out for any hidden treasure. Old Trevor, whose occupation as a mole-catcher was nearly gone, spent most of his time in a voluntary overlooking of the work, secretly hoping to prevent any fraudulent appropriation of what might come to light. But both their keen look-out and his unwelcome supervision were fruitless. One bag of gold, and one only, had been secreted by the dead miser.

Late on the very same evening as the one of Clough's interview with Mark, he made his appearance at Trevor's door, asking for the lodging which had been his some months before. He had come in by the evening train to see Nanny, he said, and should perhaps go away again in a day or two. Old Trevor was glad to see him, for there was a good deal to talk about concerning past events; and they sat down together to a friendly pipe, in the cool of the evening, upon some timber in the courtyard of the old Heath House. Trevor was to turn out of his end of the dwelling in the course of a week or two; but he still lingered on in his self-elected post of over-looker. Nanny and an assistant maid-of-all-work were the sole inmates of the house, but they had not returned as yet from their Sunday evening ramble in the village.

"What be th' folks at now about the house?" asked Clough.

"They'n mended the roof," answered Trevor, "and now they're at the inside. It's a tedious job, I can tell thee. We'n been through most of the rooms, taking down the wenscot to mend the walls, and still there's the windows to put to rights, and painting, and papering, and cleaning. Miss Barry 'ill have to stay where she is this month or more."

"Th' oud maister's chamber, ha' they meddled wi' that?" inquired Clough.

"Oh, ay!" said Trevor, "that were the very first. Thee hasn't heard tell of what Mr. Mark found there six or seven weeks arter old Scratch died; would ye believe it, neither more nor less than a bag of gold with more nor three hundred gold sovereigns in it! Miss Barry's share 's to be gi'en away to the poor, God bless her! Thee knows I always told thee there were hoards of gold in the old house."

"Mr. Mark found it!" cried Clough, passionately, and springing from his place beside Trevor; but setting a strong control upon himself, he sank down again pale and trembling. "Did yo' say," he continued, "'at Mr. Mark found a bag o' gold, and nought else?"

"Well, I thought there'd be more," said the mole-catcher, "but so far we hav'n't come across it. I wish we'd ferrets to find out the holes. But bless thee! the old mester were a ferret arter gold, better nor any ferret I ever heard tell of. Didst thee happen to hear how much he died worth?"

"No, not aw," answered Clough, with the languor of suppressed but vehement agitation. He could not give an ear to the old man's gossip, so wrapped up was he in his own thoughts of disappointment and perplexity. If the bag of gold had been found the will must have been found also, and must have been destroyed or concealed by Mark Fletcher. He had an uncertain notion that such an act was punishable by law, but his meditations did not tend that way. He was afraid of law; and he did not feel sure enough of himself to wish to be put into a witness-box, and be cross-questioned concerning anything which had reference to Mr. Lloyd's death. If the



will was gone, the loss of his legacy must be borne. He had suffered the old man to perish without reaping any benefit to himself.

When Mark came down to Clunbury the next morning he found a letter waiting his arrival at the village post-office, which bore the postmark of Barmouth, yet was directed in a strange handwriting. He opened it hurriedly, with a vague dread and presentiment of trouble being near, but thinking only of Barry and her father. The enclosure was signed Evan Evans, and contained a copy of that letter of Mr. Lloyd's which had provoked the indignant and peevish anger of Mr. Christopher Lloyd. Mark read both deliberately, and then strolled up the lane from the village to the Heath House blindly and deafly, altogether unconscious of anything about him. What could be done? What ought to be done? He only desired to see his way clearly, to have some infallible leading, and he was willing to march straightforward to the issue of his action. Why had not these people made their claim before? Why had not Clough stayed, and made known the existence of the hidden will? He asked these questions impatiently, yet sadly, but he could find no answer to them. He felt himself in a maze, wandering from path to path, but unable to reach any vantage-ground from whence he could trace out his proper route. His perplexity was not lessened when he met with Clough, who accused him directly of having found the will and destroyed it. He spoke cautiously, and admitted nothing, but he could not deny the charge.

He resolved at last to go over at once to Barmouth, where he could answer Evan Evan's letter in person, and where he could see Barry. He felt as if the mere sight of Barry just now would give to him the strength and clearness of thought, and the energy of purpose, which he needed to extricate himself from his dilemma. Perhaps he might tell her his perplexities, even though it involved the avowal of the deed he had done for her sake chiefly. At all events it could do no harm to go to Barmouth, and the work would go on, under Trevor's supervision, quite as well without him. So to Barmouth he started upon the Tuesday morning.

That Tuesday was a lovely day at the seaside, a brilliant midsummer day; yet not so garishly bright but that little cloudlets of the finest film of vapour flecked the sky, floating in feathery shapes across its deep blue, which it hid no more than a veil hides the bright face behind it. The waves had spirit enough in them to roll landwards with energy, and curl crisply over with snow-white foam upon their crests, whiter than the wings of the sea-gulls hovering above them. The great rock behind Barmouth glowed with a metallic sheen upon it in the broad sunshine, displaying every crack and crevice in its dark, irregular front; while other rocks, with hues as soft as the plumage of a dove, gave cool tints of grey, and ash, and mouse-colour, and pale shades of blue, and lilac, and green, which toned down into softness the more gorgeous colours of the summer gorse and heather. Highest of all the summits which touched the sky, rose the round, smooth brow of Cader Idris, sometimes-catching the tiny cloudlets upon its slopes, and sometimes bathing itself in the full sunshine. While all up the estuary of the Mawddach, for eight miles up to Penmaenpool, the full tide formed a lake, landlocked, as it would seem, where twice a day the hills mirrored themselves lovingly upon its waters. Barry

had been to look at it, rejoicing with an inexpressible delight in its beauty, and now she was coming back again, smitten by the hot sun which beat against the rocks along the roadside, but too joyous and happy in herself to quarrel with either heat or sun. She was taking her holiday after the burden and toil of her hard poverty. Barry Lloyd felt that there was something akin to herself in the fresh youth of the summer; for the summer is still young in June, before the sultry breath of the dog-days has scorched it. The very fervour of the noontide brought to her vigour rather than languor; and the sight of the village street, with its pictures of gay out-of-door life, gladdened and quickened her spirit. It was a moment of supreme yet almost unconscious happiness to her. The postmistress of the little office was standing at her door, and called as she was passing to say there was a letter for her. It only lacked this to complete her gladness; and though the letter proved to be for Mab, yet it was in Richard's hand, and the rich colour and vivid smile upon Barry's face deepened. There was no shadow of doubt or suspicion upon her mind, and with the same freedom which she was wont to accord to Mab with her letters, she broke the seal as she strolled leisurely up the street, and drew the letter from its envelope. The first few lines she read with an odd sense of bewilderment; and then the truth flashed upon her in a moment, clear and keen, leaving no possibility of mistake.

Barry turned sharp round, and passing down a narrow alley between the houses, gained the shore, without going in sight of the hotel. The tide was going down, and at this hour of noon there were no visitors loitering about. She walked on swiftly till she came to the edge of the waters, where the waves, idling in the sultry light, were content with toying playfully with the sands they were so soon to abandon to arid, unrefreshed dreariness. All along the white, uneven line Barry pursued her way hurriedly, with Richard Crichton's letter crushed in her hand, and a wild, vague, wretched feeling at her heart, that she could, by some mighty effort of her will, cancel the last half-hour, and place herself back again in the sweet, gay lightsomeness which had been hers when she entered the single street of Barmouth. She was like one who had slipped down an unseen precipice, and lay bruised and stunned at its foot, while above was the sunny, flowery platform where she had been resting safely but a few minutes ago. She stood still for a minute, to look about her with dimmed eyes. The town she had left nearly a mile behind her, and it was almost hidden from her view by a low line of sandbanks, but the rock behind it, and the range of mountains stretching out to sea, stamped their forms sharply and clearly upon her brain. Before her lay the sea, smooth, and unruffled, and deserted, with no sail upon it, and almost an utter silence, only a scarcely audible moan pervading it. There was no living creature within sight or sound. If she longed for solitude, here it was—solitude and silence upon the edge of the great, calm sea, which would betray to none any anguish and sorrow which it witnessed.

For a minute or two this ineffable calm impressed her so solemnly with its supreme majesty, that she held her breath, and pressed her hand upon her heart to stay its throbbing. But it was only for a minute. A soul that is in the first pang of sorrow finds no satisfying consolation in nature. Barry



resumed her rapid course, and the hills faded from her dim eyes, and the sea grew as nothing to her. All her heart centred in the letter clasped fiercely and passionately in her fingers. They had been treacherous to her, cruelly treacherous, Richard and Mab, whom she had loved so dearly. She recalled minutely, with all a woman's jealousy and tenderness, the words, and looks, and tones, by which Richard had tried to make her believe that he loved her. They were but trifles, all of them; but to her honest heart they had been conclusive and real as the most binding vows; and she had built her fair house upon the sands, and now, though no rain had descended, nor flood come, nor winds blown in warning, it had fallen with a great fall, and she stood beside the ruins, a foolish builder. Foolish! that was the sharpness of the sting. She was humiliated; she, Barry, who had borne herself so bravely through all the former troubles, winning golden opinions and pleasant praises. She would be humbled before all her world, in the eyes of her father; of Richard, who must know she had loved him; of Mark, to whom she had frankly confessed her love.

There were some low rocks, heaped like huge loose stones along the tide-line, and Barry made her way to them, and sat down upon one facing the sea, with her large grey eyes fixed upon the far-off horizon; and her hands, which had worked so busily, lying idle on her lap. There was solitude and silence for her to think in; and a multitude of thoughts were thronging to her brain.

## GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

### II.—THE WAR OFFICE.

THE War Office is that department of state which administers the executive functions of the Secretary for War. It cannot be said that it has control over the whole army, because for certain important purposes the Commander-in-Chief, having his headquarters at the Horse Guards, has distinct jurisdiction. Generally speaking, however, it is the governing department of the army; the minister who presides over it has to propose to Parliament the votes by which the army and all its kindred associations are paid, and is also responsible to Parliament for the way in which the sums voted are expended. Upon the War Office devolves the duty of providing all the sinews of war, the pay of officers and men, stores of arms, clothing, and ammunition, provisions, forage, medicines, baggage, and all the *matériel*, without which the bravest army that ever was enrolled could not be kept together. With this department is the control of all the purely administrative details of the service.

The Commander-in-Chief—at the present moment His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—has an office at the Horse Guards, and is nominally independent of the War Minister, and responsible only to the Crown itself; but, as a matter of fact, he is obliged to work in concert with the War Office, which can control him by the power of the purse, and if it chooses, oblige him to subordinate his plans to those of the responsible minister. The functions of the Commander-in-Chief are purely of a military character, and comprise the carrying out of personal and regimental discipline, the ordering of drills, the in-

spection of troops, the revision and final judgment on all sentences of courts-martial, and generally the control of all matters relating to the *personnel* of the army. In the hands of the Commander-in-Chief are all the appointments, promotions, and selection of officers. It is his to appoint to the commands of districts and divisions, to give away all staff appointments, and to recommend to the fountain of honour those whose conduct has merited personal distinction. With the distribution of the strength of the army the Commander-in-Chief has to do; it is he who decides what regiments shall go to what places, who determines both the time and extent of reliefs, and who is sole judge of what is best for the public service in all matters affecting the *personnel* of the army.

Of course, in carrying out these duties the Commander-in-Chief is bound more or less to consult the wishes of the War Minister, who is able to be supreme, but for obvious reasons makes the occasions of being so as few as possible. The choice of an unfit general for a command, the bestowal of a regiment upon an unsuitable colonel, would be checked and probably cancelled at the instance of the War Office. Propositions have been made from time to time, and will probably in the end be utilised, for amalgamating the duties of Commander-in-Chief and Minister at War, but as yet the two offices are distinct, and there are many reasons why they should remain so. It is proposed in the present article to describe the functions discharged by the two departments.

Over the War Office is the Secretary of State for War, who is a Cabinet minister, and member of one or other House of Parliament. To assist him in Parliament, where he has to move the Army Estimates, to answer any questions that may be put on military subjects, to originate and support legislation connected with the army, and generally to represent the department, a parliamentary under-secretary of state is borne on the War Office establishment. Arrangements are generally made, so that the Secretary of State is in one House, and the Under-Secretary in the other, in order the better to carry out the public business. At the present time, the Secretary, Mr. Cardwell, is in the House of Commons, and the Under-Secretary, Lord Northbrook, is in the Upper House. Both these officers change with the Government. On the permanent establishment are a non-parliamentary under-secretary, a civil and a military assistant under-secretary, and the holder of a newly-created office, who is called Comptroller-in-Chief. The last-mentioned officer has a general supervision over the whole office, and was appointed for the purpose of trying to curtail, by reorganisation and close scrutiny of details, the very large cost of the administration of the army.

These officers constitute the governing body of the War Office, and upon them lies the responsibility for the due execution of the duties of the subordinate departments. The departments are necessarily many, including those of Director of Works, the Director-General of Ordnance, Director-General of the Medical Department, Inspector-General of Reserve Forces, the Chaplain-General, the Director of Clothing, the Director of Contracts, the Commissary-General-in-Chief, the Purveyor-in-Chief, the Accountant-General, the Auditor of Army Accounts, and the Solicitor.

The titles of most of these departments indicate sufficiently the nature of the work done by them. Under the Director of Works, who is also Inspector-General

of Engineers, all the works connected with the permanent camps of the army are carried out; all fortifications are planned and executed by his department, all barracks and other substantial buildings are built by it. All suggestions for new works must be first submitted to the director, whose subordinate officers survey and report upon the plans, and it rests still with the director to carry out the plans or not according as he may think fit, and the money at his disposal will allow. His department also maintains a supervision over all works in progress by contractors.

Under the Director-General of Ordnance are all the officers connected in any way with the manufacture and supply of cannon, small arms, and other weapons, and of powder and shot, and other munitions of war. It is the business of this department to see that the various fortresses all over the world belonging to Great Britain are properly provided with arms and the means of using them; to see that the artillery divisions are properly furnished; and to ensure that the whole army is duly provided with the means of offence and defence. Under its control, therefore, are the several arsenals, with their laboratories, foundries, percussion-cap manufactories, and their stores of war material. The cannon foundries of Woolwich, and the small arms manufactories at Enfield, Birmingham, and Millbank, are subordinate to it, and with it all contractors for arms or ammunition have to reckon before they can get payment for supplies. The Government powder mills and magazines are conducted under its auspices, and to a standing committee responsible to the head of the department, are relegated all offers of new inventions in the art of war. The schools of musketry and ordnance are more or less under the Director-General, whose authority is, however, shared with other departments in the matter of discipline and of appointments.

The head of the medical department has the supervision of all the medical and sanitary arrangements of the army. It is his business to see that none but properly qualified and competent persons shall receive commissions as army surgeons; and by him are conducted all the medical examinations to which every candidate for admission to the army, whether as officer or private, must submit before he can be enrolled. Practically he has the appointment of the surgeons to regiments, though nominally such appointments are made by the Commander-in-Chief; and with him lies the responsibility of dealing with any questions which may arise as to the professional conduct of medical officers. The various military hospitals all over the world, and the schools of military surgery and medicine, are also under his control; and it is his duty to see that the sanitary arrangements of every place where troops are located are as perfect as possible. The statistics of the health of the army, which are annually presented to Parliament in the shape of a blue-book, are compiled in the medical department, to which the most exact returns are ordered, by the regulations, to be made by all army medical officers in charge of troops or military hospitals.

The Inspector-General of Reserve Forces is charged with the supervision of the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers, and is accordingly bound to discharge for the reserve forces the combined functions of the War Office and Commander-in-Chief. He is responsible for the efficiency of these three services, is

required to inspect and report upon them from time to time, and upon all special occasions, and is answerable to the Crown for the discipline and proper equipment of the forces under him. All important questions are referred by him to the Secretary of State or his deputy, in whose name the orders are given; but all routine matters are dealt with by the Inspector-General, who is moreover for all purposes practically Commander-in-Chief of the reserves.

The Chaplain-General has the selection, but not the appointment, of all regimental and garrison chaplains, and administers the department of religious education in the army. He can veto or admit a book to the regimental libraries, and is charged with providing the means of properly performing divine service throughout the army. The duty of furnishing secular instruction is now discharged by the Army Educational Committee, which regulates the system and extent of study in the army schools, and provides for their periodical inspection. Formerly, so much of this duty as was thought necessary to be performed was performed by the Chaplain-General.

The duties of the Director of Clothing and the Director of Contracts are sufficiently explained by their titles. Both these officers are directly responsible, like their *confrères*, to the Secretary of State, but have complete control over the departments committed to them. The Commissary-General-in-Chief and the Purveyor-in-Chief are charged with the duty of finding all the provisions, forage, and medical stores required by the army in any part of the world. The head-quarters of these officers is in London, but officers responsible to them are attached to all and every army corps, wherever stationed, and are bound to provide supplies to the best of their ability, the means by which provision is to be made being left to their discretion, that discretion again being bounded by certain regulations, intended to secure the supplies at the least possible cost to the nation.

All matters of account, whether of receipt or expenditure, connected with the army, are dealt with in the departments of the Accountant-General and Auditor of Army Accounts, who have their offices in Pall Mall. To them paymasters and others entrusted with army funds render accounts. Through them contractors having claims on the War Office get a settlement. Through them the pay of the army, military prize money, the proceeds of dead men's effects, the regulation of regimental funds, and all the various accounts connected with army men or matters, are administered.

To the Solicitor are referred all questions of a legal nature, excepting such as relate to the law martial. These latter are dealt with in the office of the Commander-in-Chief and in that of the Judge-Advocate-General; but all army questions in which the common law is involved are under the management of the Solicitor. Thus to him was entrusted the defence of Colonel Nelson when prosecuted by the Jamaica Committee; and to him would be referred any legal dispute with a contractor or other person having business with the War Office.

The duty of the Commander-in-Chief, as director of the *personnel* of the army, has been already described. To assist him in discharging his duty, he has, besides military secretaries, *aides-de-camp*, and a staff of clerks, two departmental officers, the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General. The Adjutant-General undertakes the supervision of the discipline and military efficiency of the forces, assists

the Commander-in-Chief in the work of inspection, and regulates generally the purely professional part of the service. It is his business to know who are good officers and who not, what regiments are well trained and handled, and to devise means for remedying any defects which may exist in the management of the troops. With him also lies the responsibility of securing a good and efficient number of recruits for the ranks. Upon the Quartermaster-General is thrown the duty of providing the means of transport, lodging, and firing, for the army in all parts of the world. He has to furnish all stores, not including arms and ammunition, that an army or a detachment may require. Tents, huts, horses, beasts of draught or burden, waggons, utensils, furniture—all the *impedimenta* of an army it is his business to secure, and it rests with his department to make a camp for troops, whether entrenched or temporary. He is to provide maps, and, if possible, guides for the use of an army, and is also required to pick up all the information he can, whether from observation or intercourse with people, as to the topography and nature of the country in which the troops may happen to be; and to his department in London all his officers all over the world report regularly, and render also accounts of stores committed to their care.

Such, generally, is an account of the administrative departments of the army which are included under the supervision of the authorities at the War Office and Horse Guards.

## FROM NUBIA DOWN THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLBY.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAST OF NUBIA.—KOROSKO—DAKKEH—KALABSHEE.

"There is continually spring and harvest there,  
Continually, both meeting at one time,  
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,  
And eke at once the heavy trees they clyme,  
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load,  
The whyles the ioyous birds make their pastyme  
Amongst the shady leaves their sweet abode,  
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad."

In the purple evening, as our boat floated under the palms at Korosko, we were silently greeted by a long row of desert Arabs perched on the edge where the bank had broken away, like swallows on a cornice ready for flight. They were smoking, most of them, and cogitating, as it is the wont of Arabs to do, by the hour together, side by side, without talk. We got out, walked past them, receiving a touch of the forehead and breast by way of salaam, and took a brief survey of the village, now indistinct in its twilight of sunset hues.

Korosko has no claim to importance, save in its being the starting-point of caravans that cross the desert to Senaar and Khartoum. Merchandise from the interior comes thus to the bank of the Nile, which here bends westward, and is so shipped down stream. There is a thickly-populated cemetery at Korosko, where many a Bedouin, worn out and wearied by his long desert pilgrimage, has laid his bones to rest. We saw an Arab's spectral form, long lance and white flowing raiment, prowling about among the

tombs in that ghostly light. Maybe, he sought for the grave of some lost companion. No pestilence, however, or plague seems to thin the ranks of these desert dwellers. No general can tame them, or well-disciplined army extinguish one tribe. Like a cropped hedge that grows the closer and thicker for the cropping, the unconquered race flourishes under the ban. Their hand against every man's, every man's hand against theirs, wandering whither they will, pitching their tents now in the purlieus of the city, now in a labyrinth of rocky wadys, now on a wild waste of shifting sands, they ever remain unquelled, untamed, Ishmaelites changeless as of old. They that dwell in the wilderness shall, saith the Seer, bow down before Him whose dominion is from sea to sea. But till now they go unvanquished, unsubdued.

Korosko was full of Arabs. A caravan had just then come in. We encountered them under every green tree, their lances at rest against the trunk, themselves indolently curled up and smoking. The place was strewn with merchandise, and amongst a litter of elephants' tusks and odoriferous gums from Arabia, we were amused at discovering two very homely bales of calico, labelled "Jones" (or some such name), "Manchester." It had travelled thus far from its own murky city, and was about to be shipped on camel back for a month's cruise over the sands into the interior. We found little knots of Arabs grouped about watch-fires, their quick and glittering eyes and wild swarthy faces standing out from the gloom at every flash of the fire. Camels silently ruminating or sobbing with a flush of inward satisfaction, as camels do when they are pleased, were couched peacefully in a larger circle outside outlined in the dusk, which was now fast coming up from the east with all its glittering host; while to westward a long line of crimson lined out a spectral row of palms on the further coast across the glassy river.

We joined ourselves to one of these Arab parties, and coolly seated ourselves where we could find a gap in the disjointed circle. An Arab, of course, is never taken aback. So our intrusion was solemnly sanctioned by an approving nod. Not a muscle on any face stirred, not a glance showed sign of surprise. A pipe was handed to the Professor, and in return he distributed a pocketful of latakia among the delighted assembly. It was instructive to watch the rising emotions that this choice tobacco elicited. No lack of animation now! Those wild, high-bred faces—for your Arab is a true aristocrat—glittered with joy. It was like the uncorking of a bottle of rare old Lafitte among refined connoisseurs, or of crusty old port in a company of highly appreciative and gouty old fogies. Every chibouque was gravely scooped out and refilled, and in a profound silence, broken but by the sigh of serene inward content, they solemnly discussed their new-found treasure.

An Ethiopian meanwhile poked up the fire, and fed it daintily with sticks: for the night fell chill. The stars shone overhead with a lustre unknown in the north. Two, in the constellation of Lyra I think, shook, through the network of palms above us, like two big tearful eyes behind the entanglement of some fair girl's hair. Strange-looking bundles, that narrow scrutiny discovered to be warm human sleepers, lay about here and there, long lance peeping out, head pillowed in the sand. This was the halt in their pilgrimage for the night; to-morrow they would be equally at home on the trackless waste. "Never,



in this world," says Saadi, the sage—"never pitch your tent with pegs that stick in the earth too firmly. And burden not yourself with baggage, useless baggage, that you must ever keep ready packed for your start at a moment's warning." Such is your Arab's creed. Whether he carries it out in spirit as in letter I cannot tell.

Hard by us, in the fitful glow of another fire, some Bedouins sat busy sewing a soft leathern shoe on to the wounded foot of a dromedary. The beast lay on her side, with her long neck craned up, uttering soft guttural complaints, and looking sentimentally at the operation. On the shore, by the glow of a couple of lanterns taken from our mast, I could descry the sailors of our boat, huddled

camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, from Gilead," bought Joseph for twenty pieces of silver, carried him down into Egypt, and wrung old Israel's heart. I could not help scrutinising inquiringly their wild tawny countenances, on which the stamp of countless ages seemed to rest. They were quite capable of another such deed—perhaps another Joseph was among them even now.

The scene was so thoroughly Eastern and patriarchal that I stepped out from my circle and sat me down apart to meditate. "Ah! it is good," thought I—and I crave your indulgence, impatient reader: it is well in a narrative to paint the passing moods that cloud over the traveller's mind—"It is good," I thought, "to live in this fashion under



NUBIAN MUSICIAN.

in circle, listening, mouth agape, to some story our dragoman was recounting—the hero of the Eastern tale, with whom dwelt the fairy of the green flags and the genius of the dark waters. Beyond, all was restful and silent, save that a distant *fantasia* united its echoes with the inarticulate noises of expiring twilight. The indistinct hum of sakias, too, along the shore, fell on the ear in sleepy fitful cadence like the chime of some far-off vesper. Night had brought down no dew, but instead a perfume from the sweet bean-fields and flowery date-trees rose up from the fat earth: the air swooned with it. From the right-hand desert, beyond the thin line of verdure, you could hear the scream of some jackal just off on his nightly chase for a gazelle: and the low murmur of voices came to you from the Ishmaelites' watch-fires, where the bulk of the caravan was bivouacking. These were the descendants, unchanged in race, features, customs, dress, of those who, "with their

the joyous sunshine, to plunge hardily into the wildernesses of the untamed East, to walk in the palm thicket, and dabble with naked feet in the golden sand of the river bank; good to sleep under the stars like a shepherd king, and so, listening to a thousand murmurs of the eventide landscape, get at the great soul of nature that underlies all. Far better this, than to breathe the fevered air of big cities. Far better for a brief season to forsake man and his works, and, in presence of this eternal calm of nature, which in spite of human miseries smiles ever its solemn smile as if big with some potent secret that it may not yet reveal—to meditate, like Isaac, in the fields at even, and garner strength for the battle of life."

I stepped back to my watch-fire. Half of my dusky friends were already in bed, that is, head and face mantled in their burnouses, lying prone, feet

converging to the fire, chest and body in cold latitudes, like the spokes of a wheel. Four or five not yet through their latakia were wakeful enough, however, and were now embarked in a sharp discussion with the Professor through the medium of signs. Not being sleepy myself, I suggested that Haroun should be sent for to interpret, and fresh latakia brought,

bade wine to the faithful, alleging that its evil qualities predominated over the good, inducing debauchery and ill-blood. It does not seem to have occurred to him that beer was likewise objectionable from the same point of view. He put no ban upon beer. Accordingly Moslems, very zealous for the letter, are yet pleased enough to get the opportunity of uncorking a bottle



ENTRANCE OF THE TEMPLE OF DAKKEH.

together with a bottle or two of beer, so to prolong the session—make a night of it, in fact. There is nothing new under the sun, I am aware (expiring embers, however, sometimes flash out fresh fire, and the hues of a diamond alter from every fresh standpoint); but I fancied that to get at an Ishmaelite's way of thought, to look at life through his glasses, might be amusing, if not instructive. I communicated this to the Professor, who heartily approved, and the caliph was called.

I suggested beer, for fear that it might hurt an Arab's feelings to offer him wine. For Mahomet for-

of Bass — headier by far than the washy Eastern beer—for they can sip down the insidious compound both with a clear conscience and a gladdened heart. The advent of the ale certainly brightened up the countenances of our party. The caliph handed it round glass by glass, and each Arab as he emptied his dole, wiping the froth off his beard, looked upon the face of his fellow, and found his own eyes enlightened by the draught. Sundry of the sleepers awoke also and clamoured for a share, so that now every man's tongue was unloosed, and we found it more difficult to get at any coherent talk than before.

We learned, however, that this caravan had, in its day, shipped off several Europeans into the interior, and that these unfortunates had never been heard of since. The natives of those central regions were happy to receive them, but objected very much to their return. Our friends had once taken a despairing mother and two children to join a husband thus imprisoned, but the husband and mother, they affirmed, soon disappeared. The two children were now frolicking about with the little savages, adopted by a chief, and neither the prayerful messages of consuls nor threats from the pasha would move his heart to part with them. It was easy enough, our informants said, to get into that land, but the hitch lay in getting back. *Facilis descensus Avernus, sed, etc.* Khartoum, however, was different. Missionaries often went and came from there. They went strong and hearty, could climb up on to a camel, bear a valiant front through the scorching heats of the day, and sing their vesper psalms right joyously in the fresh air of eve. But when they returned it was different. They were silent then, wrecks, mere shadows of their former selves. Some died on the desert, others with great trouble managed to reach the sanatorium at Philæ. The noxious damps and tropic heats of that baleful region where the two Niles mingle their waters were fatal to European constitutions. Still, with a clear foreknowledge of that, missionaries were sent there. They were told off silently for death: the house, or monastery, in the rocks near Philæ being built to receive those in which the sacrifice was not quite complete. "Such is the way," observed the Professor, "that the Jesuits get rid of troublesome brethren"—which, I take it, was not altogether a charitable observation.

Haroun gaped wildly, very much bored by these cross-questionings and double interpretations. So we directed him to ask the Arabs to tell us a story. "A story? oh, certainly: and who should tell it?" Man after man contended for the honour with much gesticulation, and the lot finally fell on a little bow-legged Bedouin, in whose vagrant eye one could detect a twinkle of merriment and fun. Rare indeed it is to find any humour in the countenance of a desert Arab. He is too solemn for that; he takes life only on the serious side. He would consider it undignified to joke with you. Indeed, for the matter of that, you must be a brave man to poke your fun at a desert Arab! Our friend the story-teller laid down his pipe, crossed his hands over his lap, and then began his narrative in a sing-song voice, eyes half shut, body swaying to and fro, as if he were in pain. This intermittent droning of sentences, often affected in story-telling, is *de rigueur* in reading aloud. Children learn it at school; and the monotone which some of us so much dislike to hear in ritualistic places of worship would be received in the East as perfectly natural and becoming. Evidently it was a dry story, for his brethren soon began to nod over it. One and another silently succumbed, gaped, wrapped their faces in their mantles, edged their feet to the fire, and laid them down backwards in the sand. The spokes of this human wheel were multiplying. The two or three who stood out longest were hardy men—men who had a soul above sleep. They blinked occasionally, though, in the light of the fire; but they eyed us with evident admiration. We must be fine fellows, they thought, to have unlimited command of latakia and beer! They were much struck with the Professor's spectacles, and requested him

by signs—so as not to interrupt the tale—to pass them round to try on. Queer fellows they looked—with their burnouses tightened round the chin like a nightcap and our friend's full-bodied spectacles on their noses. Arabs, by the way, are, I believe, the only people that utterly ignore this modern invention. Their sight, like the eagle's, seems strengthened by the desert's glare.

All this time our Arab friend was hammering on at his tale. Fearing he would never stop, we told the caliph to pour him out some more beer, and under cover of that interruption we made good our retreat. "What was he talking about?" we asked, as we walked through the starlight to our boat. "Oh," said Haroun, in a depreciatory tone, for the caliph, as I have hinted, was himself a story-teller—

"Oh! him tell stupid tale about wonderful city in the desert built by Solyman ben David, upon whom be peace."

It is singular to remark how the honour of Solomon still passes for a byword in the East. "Solomon in all his glory" still points many a moral. All kinds of traditions are handed down concerning him. In magnificence, in power over the spirits of the air, in ability to raise up a city by the word of command, he was unrivalled among men. Tradition, like the skirts of a trailing garment, catches up all manner of garnishments in its passage through time; and probably the grandeur of Tadmor in the Wilderness originated many of those extravagant tales of its founder, of which the vestiges still linger in the East. They are, of course, too long to be repeated here. An old story I remember somewhere to have heard refers to his penetration in the matter of sex. It matters, though, more of the West than of the East. Twenty little boys and twenty little girls were ushered into the king's presence, all dressed alike in little white stoles. He was to choose out the boys from the girls. After a moment's deliberation, he commanded his attendants to bring in water, and then, having directed all the little people to wash their hands, he set himself to mark their way of proceeding. And it was found, that while the boys washed only to the wrists, the girls tucked up their sleeves and washed to their elbows.

There is a very good story told in d'Herbilot,\* to illustrate the logical acuteness of these Arab tribes. Three brethren one day wandered inland from the desert to see the country. On their road they encountered a camel-driver, who inquired of them if they had met a stray camel in the path. The eldest brother, avoiding a direct answer, asked if the camel was not blind with one eye. "Yes." The second, if she had not lost a front tooth. "Yes." The third, if she halted or limped. "It was true. She did limp."

Now the owner of the beast, not doubting for a moment but what they had seen his property, asked them peremptorily where she was. "Follow on our road," said they. After a time, as they journeyed, carefully observant of the country on either hand, the eldest exclaimed, "She is loaded with wheat!" The second added, "She carries oil on the left-hand side;" and by-and-by the third chimed in, "She has a load of honey on the right." The astonished camel-driver again asked what had become of the beast, and when the three brethren declared that they had neither seen the camel, nor had any one else spoken to

\* "Dictionnaire Orientale," about A.D. 1620.



them of her, he became infuriated, called down the vengeance of Allah upon their duplicity, rated them for laughing at his beard and thinking a true Mus-sulman could be duped by such an obvious cram. Finally, to settle all, he dragged them before the *cadi*. They were imprisoned. When called upon to explain how, being innocent, they could tell so much about the missing camel, "We observed," said they, "that on one side of the road the tufts of grass and thistles had been eaten. There was no sign of nibbling on the other. Thus we knew the camel to be blind with one eye. Then these tufts, on examination, showed notches, which proved to us that the middle tooth of the beast was gone. And in the dust of the road we saw the mark of a trailing foot. Thus we presumed that the camel limped. Further, the footsteps showed she was laden with grain, for the prints of the forefoot stood very near to the prints of the hind foot. This would come of the swaying or shifting of the corn. As to the oil and honey, they had each leaked out a little. The ants, on one hand, were running off with the booty, which we knew must be oil; while on the other the flies were swarming as flies only swarm on the product of the bee." The *cadi* let them off.

At Dakkeh there is a temple which I hit on while wandering ashore. A girl who came out from the village where I had been listening to some primitive Berber music wrung out of a kind of guitar, followed me pensively among the evening shadows now falling from tree and thicket upon the land. I traversed a ricin plantation, and went along sundry belts of lupins and cotton in flower, sloping up from the bank. And ever and anon as we rounded a copse, or turned a corner, she would point a finger to indicate the way. Rather amused, I followed, unsuspectingly, wondering whither she would lead, when suddenly we came upon the desert, and saw a great temple reared on its frontier line. A huge pylon cut into the sky, and behind it were massed its appendent sanctuaries and atria—a pile of masonry, in fact, apparently little injured by time. I found an opening, lit my candle (one never stirs on the Nile without a candle and lucifers in his pocket), and wound my way up through the heart of this rocky tower to the top. There leaning on the battlements, I looked around. It was a grand sight—an uninterrupted view over the desert, with the sun going down in red behind Lybia, and to eastward the glassy river bordered by a strip of fertility.

The boundary-line of sand and green was ostentatiously marked. As the Arabs say "After death, paradise," so here, one moment arid sand, the next tropic verdure. The loneliness and solemnity of the hour and place were wonderfully touching. Its beauty fell on the senses like a dew. For like the lordly aloe that dies in blossoming, the setting sun had, according to his wont, hoarded all his splendours of colour to lavish them on that evening hour. I looked beneath,—there was the rounded form of my fair girl-guide squatting against a piece of sculpture, serenely humming some Nubian ditty, and nursing her knees.

I felt my way back down the winding stair without a light, mostly in total darkness, though aided now and then by the crimson sunlight, which gleamed through rifts and gaps in that ancient mass of stone, and painted burning patches on the strong blocks of masonry lining the stair. Then I went into the sanctuary, and through a corridor came to the inner

adytum, where the altar was. There I had a fight with the bats, who hung upon the sculptured ceiling in bunches, and who, angered by my light, flew at it like an enemy, hooking into my whiskers, and otherwise incommoding me in their reckless passion. In one place I lighted upon a hole in the wall. It brought to my mind Ezekiel's vision of Israel's abominations in the sanctuary. Some one had digged in the wall, and lo! there was a secret chamber, in which all manner of imagery was portrayed. You find these hidden passages in many of the temples of Egypt. What purpose did they serve? They never saw the light, and yet the walls are most elaborately sculptured. They are mostly enclosed in some internal wall or masonry, and thus necessarily narrow and long. In the temple of Denderah, for example, there is a succession of them, one beneath another. You go to the end of one passage, and lo! an aperture gapes at your feet. You drop down carefully, and behold! another beneath the one you have traversed, and so on. The walls are chiselled as prodigally as if the glare of day was upon them. Yet who knows even where the entrance was? The present openings in most cases were forced. In the most holy place at Denderah there is a small secret chamber in the wall, just behind where the altar stood. You squeeze in through a break, where evidently a movable stone was placed. There is just room for four people to crowd in. Was this the station for an unseen chorus? It must be remembered that no external ray of light could penetrate even into the sanctuary of Egyptian temples. Some of the sculptures in this Dakkeh temple were most beautiful, and I saw many traces of early Christian work.

My young damsel was at the door still. I saw her from the atrium standing pensively with her finger in her mouth, her swarthy legs crossed, leaning against a pillar in the porch. She looked like the *genius loci*—the guardian spirit of that ancient place, ever youthful, absorbed in silence and contemplation. "Really she is a good girl," thought I, "to follow me so unobtrusively" (she had not spoken a word), "and keep watch to direct me on my return." She was pretty, too, in form, lithe and supple—that goes for a good deal—and her face was passably expressive. "Far above her class," I thought, "innately delicate—refined in mind as in body." Alas! the moment I appeared at the door, and put out my candle, she rushed forward, and cried aloud, "Back-sheesh, howaji, backsheesh!" Horrid discord! It stripped off all the illusion, and brought me back to earth in a moment. My fairy was but a woman after all. I moralised upon my lost dream, as the disappointed Irishman upon the pig he had slain. "It did not weigh so much as he expected, and he never thought it would." So on walking home I flattered myself that, though my anticipated gold had become dim, I had never dreamed that it would turn out otherwise.

There is a larger temple than that of Dakkeh, at Kalabshee, lower down. We visited it, clambering over a chaos of broken masonry to get to the porch, and afterwards nearly lost ourselves in its multitudinous chambers. Every chapel, corridor, column, is even now gorgeous and dazzling with prodigal imagery and sculpture. You could not lay the palm of your hand on an ungraven space of stone in all that broad temple. It represents an amount of labour that, like a coral reef, seems almost incomprehensible to an ordinary human mind. But—and

here was the drawback—this sanctuary of Kalabshee is not older than the time of the first Roman emperor! So, like true critics, we pooh-poohed it, of course. One gets fastidious as to the antiquity of temples in Egypt. Nothing less than a Pharaoh is worthy of note. A Ptolemy may pass if you are in a good humour. But a Cæsar—no! So we went over this pile of Augustus's rearing very superciliously—with a kind of patronising air, much as one would do when visiting some garish suburban dwelling. After that we climbed up a rocky hill behind and there found a little temple much more to our taste. It was built, or rather excavated—for the whole work is caved into the live rock—by Rameses II (about the date of Exodus). Very small and snug, very homelike, almost uninjured by time. Scathless, too, from the presence of numberless hermits who have dwelt there. "It is with pleasure," says Sir Gardener Wilkinson, "that the eye turns from the coarse sculptures of the Roman era to the chaste and elegant designs of a Pharonic age which are to be met with in the sculptures of this little temple." We examined them with much perseverance and interest, the afternoon sun streaming in and mapping some of them out in grand relief.

The rock where the temple is hewn slopes back at about an angle of thirty degrees, a moderate ascent. And the entrance is fashioned something like the railway cutting that precedes a tunnel: only the banks on either side have been smoothed away and sculptured. Where the gaping black mouth of the tunnel would be, a fair white vestibulum receives you, elaborately graven, and through a sculptured doorway you pass into a hall, supported by slender polygonal columns, and painted with many a quaint device. So well have the picturings in this pronaos stood, that when a distinguished lady traveller, with characteristic womanly instinct, tucked up her sleeves, as she describes it, and began to scrub the walls with soap and water, she found the colours quite fast. "We could rub with all our strength," she says, "without injuring them in the least. It was singularly pleasant work bringing forth to view these old paintings. The colours came out bright and deep as the day they were laid on—so many thousand years ago! Every moment the details of the costume and features showed themselves on the kingly figure I was unveiling. The red and yellow pattern on the crown, and the flagellum, the armlets, bracelets, belts and straps, the ends of the sash, the folds of the garment and its wrapping above the knee, the short mantle, the vest, the necklaces, and the devices of the throne."\*

Beyond, through another door, is the inner sanctuary, or most holy place, quite dark. There are two broad niches at the farther end, and a company of gods—with possibly not more than one nose between them, yet otherwise not much hacked about nor despoiled—sit for ever there, enthroned in rocky rigidity and calm. Age after age has passed over their heads, and brought them no worshippers; but there they dwell in conclave, solemnly awaiting their end and the end of all things—which, likely enough, will arrive simultaneously.

Our Nubian days were now fast ending. The broad stream swept us all too swiftly down between its tropic banks. Too soon for our lingering fancies the evening came that brought Philæ again into sight. Very fair, very beautiful it looked, that holy

island, gleaming far away across the spell-bound waters. But to us it came like the tolling of the angelus—a sudden premonition that the hours of sunshine were numbered. Through the distant haze we saw it shining out with its diadem of temples, its summer slopes kissed by the circling tide, its weird environment of granite cliffs—Titan shapes hardened into stone. It was, however, but the vision of an hour, for before the stars were well out we had sailed down and driven in the stake to the bank under Pharaoh's bed. Nubia was to us a thing of the past. We were now within earshot of the cataracts' roar; and one more day-dream had vanished.

"My limbs drawn onward leave my heart behind,  
Like silken pennon borne against the wind."

### CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

DR. GEORGE CROLY.

It is a grief to me to think that there is no living writer who could do justice to a complete biography of my late friend George Croly. I was intimately acquainted with him for more than fifty years, and witnessed his entire career, which cannot now be represented to the world as it deserves. Distinguished as a pulpit orator, he had already achieved rare success in the highest walks of literature. His numerous and admirable works are more worthy of being collected in a complete edition than many that have lately been thus honoured. There is a strange fate in some of these fashions of literary life. For instance, Charles Lamb, an amiable and genial writer, fortunate in his friends, has had his memory elevated almost into an equality with Oliver Goldsmith, while the name of George Croly, far worthier of such a comparison, is now seldom heard of. Far be it from me to undervalue the "Essays" of Elia, who has well earned the praise lavished on him; but while the public know everything about his life and works, I must regret that the author of "Paris in 1815," "The Angel of the World," "Catiline," and "Salathiel," has not been equally fortunate in having his genius measured and proclaimed. The time may come when some at least of his works will regain the rank which their interest and importance claim.

George Croly was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1815-16 he was located in Gerrard Street, Soho, where his mother and two sisters had established a home. Filled with literary ambition, and having no church preferment or professional employment in view, London was on his account the resort of the immigrant family. It was at this period that my intimacy with him commenced, and he wrote several little things which I had the means of printing and publishing in the "Sun" newspaper and elsewhere. From the "Literary Gazette," on its becoming my charge in 1817, through the "New Times," "Baldwin," "Blackwood," "Fraser," the "Britannia," and many other periodicals, he pursued his copious way; and only at a late hour was enabled to bestow a portion of his talent to the undivided service of the Church. The announcement of this epoch in his career was thus made to me:—

March 4, 1835, Vicarage,  
Romford, Essex.

DEAR JERDAN,—I am sure you will have the kindness to be pleased to hear that the Lord Chancellor has just given me the

\* Martineau's "East: Past and Present."

living of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in the City. It had the further gratification of being given *spontaneously*, and in the *most handsome* manner. This will bring me back to London at last, a prospect at which I exult not a little.

The living has been given some days, but I wished to avoid any avoidable mention of it till the presentation had been sealed, of which I received notice only last night.

Very truly yours,

G. CROLY.

Politics have had nothing to do with the appointment. I desire to be recognised only as a writer of theology and a divine.

Several public notices have truly stated that politics had nothing to do with this preferment, which, indeed, sprang from a family connection, the Lord Chancellor having married an Eden (Auckland), and Croly being distantly allied to the same noble house through his bride. The union, till the sad hour in which he lost her, was one of unbroken felicity; though, extraordinary as it may appear, it was literally begun, carried on, and all but settled (before needful worldly negotiations became indispensable), through the agency of poetic effusions, in which my fair charge, who wrote verses, the wooer himself, Barry Cornwall, J. P. Davis, a distinguished and poetic artist, and I, the "useful medium, performed each a part! These compositions would make a curious episode, and as such romantic incidents are rare in the routine of literary or even poetic life, I will adventure to abbreviate its characteristic traits, as curiously apt for this place.

I have only to premise that Croly's two sisters (and latterly his daughter), and his wife's two sisters were all poetesses, and, I speak it critically, wrote many very sweet pieces, well worthy of preservation and remembrance. But to my purpose, reverting to matters half a century ago!

On July the 11th, 1818, a poem appeared, "Life's Emblem Flowers," suggested by Ophelia's sad catalogue of some of them, and their relations to humanity, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, and there's pansies, and that's for thoughts." It was signed Helen, for this more pleasing "pastoral," like Homer's "epic," originated in the same name, though belonging to very different persons. Helen's lines were natural and sweet. She symbolised early years by the heart's-ease of peace—love by the rose—and ran through the disappointments of life, shadowed by the myrtle, forget-me-not, and laurel, till the cypress rounded the tale with the last of twenty-one stanzas.

When I took the Rose as the pledge of truth,  
I knew not that future pain  
Would hinder the Heart's-ease, the flower of youth,  
From e'er being called again.

At this time Mr. Croly was at Yarmouth, and a letter thence (after a beautiful imaginative poem of eighteen lines, signed Trissino) of mingled yarn, is not only replete with character, but bears upon my present theme.

DEAR J—, [After something about Nelson's pillar]—I return in about a week, full of health, and shrimps, sand, and sea-bathing. I roll about like a porpoise every morning, and revel like an alderman every afternoon. I presume you will think my matutinal character the more dignified. Farewell.

Then comes—

P.S.—Apropos, your friend Miss B—'s verses are charming, and have excited prodigious admiration among the youthful and sentimental of the divers and dancers here. Davis solicits your solicitation to be introduced; and let me tell you he is a very clever fellow, and will be a prosperous flatterer of forms and faces. He says the verses are beautiful, and he must see

the Muse, in which I naturally join with him. Pray, have I not seen her?—an engaging child then, but now, of course, an adept. Yours.

Let us pass on from the cunning suggestion, which had more of *Œdipus* than "Davis" in it. In "a little month," we have the poet (August 15th), with whose request for an introduction I had complied, more explicit in his views or wishes. "To the author of the beautiful lines," etc., there appeared other answering lines, dated Liverpool, August 3rd.

I've whirled o'er plains of league and hill,  
And like its gusts, have swept the sea,  
Yet one deep dream is on me still,  
Sweet Helen, it is all of thee.  
Back wings the heart—plain, hill, and tide,  
And loves and lingers at thy side.

He proceeds to style her, from her sensitiveness, the child of love and melancholy, and prophesies, that when the hour of consciousness

Is nigh,

Her lot is bliss—or misery.  
Who tells thee this? A silent one,  
Who loved thee as thou lovedst the flower  
With passion to himself unknown,  
And hovered round thee hour by hour,  
And saw thee but a lovely child,  
Nor woke till all his soul was wild.

How circumstances followed much in the usual train need not be described. A month or two elapsed, when in October Helen again appeared upon the scene as the writer of some graceful lines on "Love and Friendship," bestowing, of course, the palm upon the latter:—

For oh, how many live to prove  
That Time has been the death of Love.  
Who trusts in Friendship, brightly pure,  
Will not be thus deceived:  
'Tis founded on a base more sure,  
And ought to be believed.  
The friendship that is known and tried,  
Doth wear a fairer hue—  
'Tis true in youth's and beauty's pride;  
When age arrives, 'tis true.  
Beauty will fade, and lovers fly,  
But Friendship knows not how to die.

Such treason to love was, of course, not to be endured, but the refutation came not from *Trissino*, but "*Julia*," at Bath, postmark London, and was—is, indeed—a vindication of the small divinity, who

Rules the court, the camp, the grove.

Julia's defence takes the highest and purest grade, and is characteristically eloquent.

For 'tis a love that few must know,  
The gifted, chosen few alone;  
Not Passion's wild and transient glow,  
Like summer lightning—seen and gone.

It is a feeling deep, sublime,  
A paradise creating here,  
That blooms through chance and change of time,  
Like visions of a higher sphere.

'Tis founded on the charm of *mind*—  
A charm that knows not of decay—  
A charm that powerful still does bind,  
Though every other fade away.



As shines the flame on depths of night  
 More vivid than mid sunny gleams,  
 So perfect love will shine more bright  
 In sorrow's shade than pleasure's beams  
 Even to the tomb.

At this period Davis, whose painting of the Sibyl had created a public and artistic sensation, put his friendly verse into the wheel in ardent panegyric upon Helen, with her "gestures of grace, and the pathos of eyes;" and Barry Cornwall chimed in—

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,  
 Can see all the idols of life depart,  
 And love the more, and soothe and bless  
 Man in his utter wretchedness.\*

But now I will bring my poetic-life episode to a close. Helen's blue eyes, roseate lips, and other captivating features were worthy of poetic homage; and even a Doctor in Divinity, D.D., derogates nothing from the dignity of his position and calling when he yields to the magic of beauty, combined with innocence, intellect, and virtue. The *finale* in this instance is told in few words. The desired settlement was arranged, Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) and myself trustees: and I still remember the words of the bride's loving mother to me on the evening of her marriage, "I have only to hope she will always remember it with gratitude, and long live to bless the day *that you gave her away*."

This refers, I may explain, to the young bride having been given away, in Kensington Church, by me as the friend of her deceased father.

Dr. Croly was tall, and of athletic form—muscular and sinewy. His countenance was rough-cast, and the prominent features somewhat angular; but the whole capable of remarkable expression, from the pleasing to the stern. His voice was equally susceptible of variation, playfulness, pathos, gravity, thundering rebuke. The frame was a fit tabernacle for the soul which inhabited it. For his nature and intellect were lofty. He held folly in scorn; had a supreme contempt of meanness, and a steadfast moral aversion to vice. With the tenor of his religious life it is not for me to meddle. I shall simply observe that, like all men who devote themselves earnestly to one pursuit—be it in science, the arts, the law, antiquarian research, politics, or other branch of human interest—the importance of the object will grow upon them and increase, till it almost engrosses their thoughts, and the more proficient they become, the more ardently will they feel, and the more strenuously aspire to the perfection of their life-cherished design. Thus Croly, though in his early years addicted to poetry and literature, was in later life zealously devoted to the higher objects which his profession demanded.

But to return to my narrative, and before quitting the subject of Church-patronage, I may as well put on record some curious circumstances relating to Dr. Croly's chance, and partly explaining the secrecy of a few months mentioned in his letter. Years before, when the power of his pen

\* Without going farther than from the middle of the year 1817 to the end of 1818, I may state that Croly and Barry Cornwall were constant contributors to the new-born "Literary Gazette," in prose and in verse. Many of the choicest productions of both are to be found there, enough to fill a fair volume; and I question that either the heirs of my deceased or the memory of my living friend could supply a catalogue of these interesting specimens of their young, fresh, and affluent genius. Their signatures offer no guidance. Croly's, as this paper shows, took every shape; and before Barry Cornwall adopted his final pseudonym in these few pages alone, he signed B., X. Y. Z., W., X. X. X., P.

was known very little beyond private friends, a representation was made by one of them to the Government, pointing him out as worthy of encouragement by the party of which he was (as he was all his life) a zealous supporter. No notice was taken of this valuable suggestion; and it was very long after accidentally discovered that it would have been substantially met, but that Lord Eldon, on inquiry, had an objection to bestow a living upon a proselyte from the Roman Catholic faith. It was a mistake. The obstacle intervening bore the name of Croly—and on such incidents often hinges the whole course of human life, where *l'homme propose!* A second letter will throw farther light on this remarkable point.

DEAR J.,—I mentioned to you that I was to preach during the summer in Hanover Square Church. I, on application to know when I was to begin, yesterday received a note from Cannon,\* for whom I was to preach. The note is silly, and I will insist on knowing some of those unforeseen circumstances. This ill luck always starts up before me in the Church. I mention this now that in case you spoke to Dr. Nares you should not say that I had the appointment that I suppose Bowles stated to him.

Yours truly, G. C.

Dr. Croly's own mature reflection on these events may be estimated from a passage in a letter dated Hackney, whither he had moved from Walbrook.

November 11th.

I have no pleasure in recollecting my career. It has been obscure, though it probably has been fully equal in point of what is called *luck* to my deservings.

Before going on, however, if I may so say when about to go back to earlier dates, I quote another letter of a similar nature to my first example, and equally conducive to the elucidation of character.

5, Alfred Place, Windmill Street, Gravesend.  
 August 2.

DEAR JERDAN,—Would you have the kindness to mention, at your convenience, in the "Literary Gazette," that the University of Dublin have just conferred upon me the degree of LL.D., an honour of a *very flattering and distinguished* kind, when conferred, as this was, without any solicitation or expectation whatever on the part of the individual so honoured. It may be even looked on as still more gratifying, under the auspices of the present provost, Dr. Lloyd, a man elected solely for his merits, and who is one of the most profound masters of science, as well as one of the most accomplished general scholars in the empire, and not less under the sanction of the present Board of Senior Fellows, who are rapidly raising the usefulness and reputation of the College to a height unequalled by the best days of their predecessors.

We are now enjoying the sea breezes, and the sight of a very diversified and lovely landscape, not to mention the eternal variety of the Thames and all that float thereon.

Believe me, truly yours,  
 G. CROLY.

Under such gratifying circumstances even Gravesend has a "sea breeze," and its shrimps become ambrosial! But neither ordinary men, nor poets, nor even clergymen, are always in this happy mood, and my friend was not without such ebullitions as mark the footsteps of the *irritable genus vatum*. Indeed, with the striking elements of his mind which I have indicated, it would be almost unnatural to suppose that, when any sense was offended or outraged, he would not pour out his passion in ridicule or satire. There are ample proofs how keenly he could exercise this dangerous talent. On retiring from the chaplaincy of the Foundling Hospital, he published a letter to the committee of management, which is not to be surpassed for the withering indignation it piled

\* Hook's eccentric hero, truly "an odd character."

upon the ignorant offenders, who had dared to criticise his pulpit eloquence! In a milder form, in some dramatic sketches and reproof of social delinquency, he was more playful, though hardly less stinging, as in an epitaph upon an extravagant gentleman, who was frequently "in trouble," which he thus concluded—

Thus six months in gaol,  
And six out on bail,  
He managed to steer  
To the end of the year;  
And now—He Lies Here.

His early liking for the drama and dramatic literature may be inferred from his having written tragedy and comedy; but he wrote besides a great deal of dramatic criticisms in periodicals, where little or nothing of them can ever be traced. At his request, I went through the proof of his "Catiline" for my opinion, and when "Pride shall have a Fall" was produced, he asked me to obtain Mr. Canning's permission to have it dedicated to him. I merely mention these trifling circumstances for the sake of a naïve anecdote illustration. When Mr. Canning gave me his assent, he good-humouredly added, "But I dare say they will apply the title of the play to me."

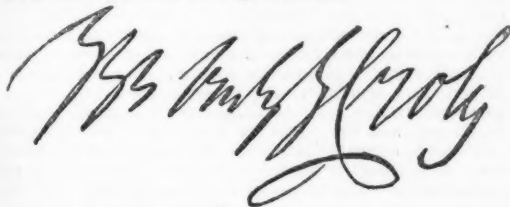
Though we lived in constant familiar intercourse and harmony for a period approaching half a century, and if we differed it was as if

A brother had a brother dared,

I did not always escape the scourge of the poet-author, *e.g.* :—

June 1, 1846, Hackney.

DEAR JERDAN,—I am sorry to hear that in your "Gazette" you have treated my late publication with a negligence almost amounting to contempt. *I have not read the notice.* I speak on the opinion of others. The book is now out of my hands, and a matter of no especial interest to me any longer. But I regret this treatment for other and higher reasons.



With this I couple another and curious letter, which goes into a subject of as much general as individual interest to the contributors to the periodical press.

Wednesday.

DEAR J.,—I wish, of course, to be always on thickest terms with you, but yesterday you used careless language. You said that I was adopting the example of which I had spoken with contempt. But don't you perceive the infinite difference between writing on general subjects for profit—not as a volunteer, but applied to—without taking any part in personal opinions, or knowing the face of an individual connected with the work, and taking a personal interest, associating with all of them, praising their works, and soliciting their praise? I look upon the editor of "Baldwin" merely as the editor, a temporary personage, and the magazine as a lasting and fair source of profit to any one who will write for fifteen guineas a sheet. I have been able hitherto to send them but a single essay, "On the Present State of Protestantism in France," not a very personal subject, and one or two fragments of poetry, which I meant as a mere acknowledgment for a voluntary notice of "The Angel of the World," one which I understood to have been in preparation before I had any intercourse with their work.

But do you conceive that in writing for Blackwood's work I

have been writing for Mr. Lockhart, or that I have anything whatever to do with the personal wisdom or absurdity of any editor? It is just the same with reference to Scott.

You said also that "*I was holding a candle to these persons.*" This was an ill-considered expression. Do you mean to say that whoever writes for a periodical work necessarily holds a candle to its editor, or that I, in contributing to the "Literary Gazette," hold a candle and act the menial to you?

If Baldwin's work were either irreligious or radical, I should have nothing to do with it. But I have hitherto discovered nothing in it beyond the common talk of Whiggism, and I should be sorry in the extreme to give myself out as incapable of holding literary intercourse with a man because he happened to be a Whig, or anything short of infidel or revolutionist. I ask no apology from you. I am satisfied with showing you that your language was inapplicable to me.

N.B.—When can you let me have your messenger to take home Procter's books. Their staying here weighs upon my decorums.

Yours truly,  
G. C.

To a communication so replete with character I add nothing, but to vary the theme, and further illustrate the writer, I will subjoin a letter from Holland, whither, and into North Germany, to witness the doings of the war, he took an excursion.

Holland is now in its glory: it has got a new importation of tobacco and a new fall of snow. They both have the effect of blinding me, and I at this instant write to you with one eye relieving the other. But the landscape, with all its flatness, is bright, the sun, to my astonishment and adoration, perfectly brilliant—a grand orb of fire and gold. The frost is severe, but exercise, clear air, and a kind of scorn of the Hollanders, who are all wrapped up to the snouts like porcupines, in thick starting furs, make me never care about the cold while I can move. After all, spring is the finest time for movement here as everywhere else; but spring here is like the people, slow, sulky, and taking a long time to consider about what might be better done at once, and what must be done in some way or other at last. And yet to think of having in such a climate drawing-rooms built without a chimney! This is my unhappy case at this moment. I am promised a chimney made on the best authority, with a grate with bars and contrivance for letting the blaze be seen; but while the frost lasts, the architect cannot work, and in the meantime I am forced to eat, drink, dress myself, nay, even sleep in my bedchamber. I am glad of the recruits coming, and request you to give my best respects to the *accouchée*, or as it is phrased in the classical tongue of this country "De Kramm Frow."

Apropos of Mr. Freeling, let my letters lie open, and let him read them if he can, but I wish his power were a little more extensive. Your enclosure (*i.e.*, mine) has just cost me six shillings.

And here, with a brief summary of a few matters, I must come to an end. At the time of his work upon the Apocalypse I happened to be in the daily habit of meeting the wearers of lawn sleeves (founding the Royal Society of Literature), with Magendie, Gray, Burgess, and Sumner, and I remember their wish that I should persuade my friend from the publication. He persisted in his volume, however, with what result I am unable to state.

Croly was truly conscientious—a key to his entire life. He was also a considerable scholar, far above the average of the generally accepted "able and learned man." As a social companion he was very acceptable; pleasing in demeanour, conversational, and full of amusing anecdote. The diversity of his attainments and their use have had their usual result in comparative contemporary neglect—where a tithe of them would have conferred fame. From his poetry as many, if not more, fine passages, exquisite descriptions, and noble sentiments could be extracted as from the most celebrated authors of the age, and in these he would be seen as he was, an extraordinary and truly good as well as great man.

## Varieties.

**SICKNESS AND HEALTH.**—The picture of "Sickness and Health," this month's frontispiece, is one of the characteristic domestic pieces for which the painter, Thomas Webster, R.A., is celebrated. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1843, and is now in the Vernon Collection in the galleries at South Kensington.

**ROMISH GENERAL COUNCIL.**—The Pope has written three "apostolical letters" about the Ecumenical Council, to be held towards the close of this year at Rome:—The first is the Bull convoking an Ecumenical Council to be opened in the Vatican on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in this year; the second is a paternal invitation to the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops of the Eastern Churches, now, unhappily, in schism; the third is an appeal to those who in the Western world have been separated during the last 300 years from the unity of the faith and of the Church. The council will, it appears, be called the "First Council of the Vatican," as it will be held in the right transept of St. Peter's. The transept will, it is said, accommodate upwards of 2,000 persons, and will be so arranged that each speaker may be distinctly heard, and the speeches, we hope, faithfully and literally reported. The stalls erected for the accommodation of the prelates will cost £9,000 or £10,000, and to make up this sum, as well as to meet the other expenses which the Pope will incur, subscriptions are being actively raised in many Continental nations, and also among the Roman Catholics of England. The labours before the council are so various that it is considered six months will not suffice to complete them.

**MR. PANIZZI'S OPINION OF MEN OF SCIENCE.**—In his evidence before the Select Committee on the British Museum in 1836 (answer 4,929), Mr. Panizzi gives his opinion of scientific men in these words:—"Scientific men are jealous of their authority; they are dogmatical and narrow-minded, and as they think themselves infallible they would never consult an officer. I speak from what I have known of them.—(4,930.) The scientific man would spoil the men of rank or drive them away from the Board. I speak seriously, and from experience. An officer would have no chance against a scientific man who should take a crotchet, and they are all crotchety.—(4,933.) I never saw scientific men go right or view things as other people do. I think the trustees would be much better without them."

**CHARITIES.**—At a meeting of Dr. Raleigh's congregation at Canonbury, the treasurer of the various societies connected with the home operations of the church said that they had no collectors, either paid or voluntary, for any of the societies of which he was treasurer. When they had collectors, the societies were always in debt; since they had been discontinued, he had always been able to report a balance in hand; the people increasing their interest in the societies from hearing and reading the reports.

**CITY CHURCHES.**—The migration of population from the City of London to the suburbs is remarkably illustrated in the following statement of a correspondent of the "Times":—"Between St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Dunstan's-in-the-East there are some thirty-five churches. I have attended the morning services in each. In two the congregation consisted of five persons each, in three others the attendance was under ten each, in six others from ten to twenty, in ten others I found from twenty to forty, and in the remainder the worshippers were from forty to ninety; in only one church did I find 100, but in that case the church was well filled. In the above numbers I have not included the charity children, a few of whom are marched to most City churches, but I have included the poor women who come for the bread which perishes. Thus in ten churches the united congregations did not exceed 100 persons, and in thirty, employing thirty or more clergymen, as many organists, etc., the gross total of the congregations would not exceed that of one of our West End churches. I may mention, as a proof how entirely the congregations have moved away from the churches, that in no instance did I ever see an occupant in a churchwarden's pew. The big books and the gold-headed wands were there to silently testify of other days gone by. Neither did I ever hear the publication of bans. I invariably stayed out the service, and can testify to the preaching not being below the average, either as regards zeal or ability. I have yet to mention the most remarkable case. At one church I visited the service had commenced with not a single worshipper other than the officials. I did not stay, for two reasons. I could not stand a sermon all to myself, and in the

second place it occurred to me that by retiring I might save the clergyman from going through so dreary a duty. I have said that my visits were paid in the morning, but I have reason to know the evening attendance is no better. I on one occasion asked an official if it ever happened that there was no service for want of a congregation. His answer was, "Sometimes of an evening."

**THE SIAMESE TWINS.**—A correspondent, who was always interested in objects of natural curiosity, writes to the "Leisure Hour" to state that long ago, when the Siamese twins were first brought to England, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Chang and Eng. He was frequently with them, and passed hours in their company. Among other devices for their amusement he played cards with them. They were adversaries: the one had our correspondent as a partner; the other, the individual who exhibited them. The board of green cloth was necessarily small, and they played with good temper, obviously much amused by the games they had been taught. They were only boys then.

**"YE BANKS AND BRAES."**—Napoleon once characterized this as the only good melody England had ever produced. We should of course call it Scotch. Burns thought it so, and knew it as "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight," when he wrote to it the words which have made it so celebrated. But a lover of Scottish music in the "London Scotsman" says:—"It turns out, however, that the tune is neither English, as Napoleon thought; nor Scottish, as Burns asserted; nor Irish, as many have suspected—but French; and that it is to be found in a French collection published in Paris long before Burns was born."

**DRUNKENNESS NO PALLIATION OF CRIME.**—"One sees with astonishment and indignation, in cases before magistrates in the country, intoxication urged in extenuation of offences, whereas it is a gross aggravation. No magistrate is entitled to suffer one such word to be uttered before him on the part of the accused. It is undeniable that a most wholesome effect would be produced by the general impression being made that drunkenness, though by law it may not be liable to punishment, except by small pecuniary penalty, yet makes offences to which it has given rise more severely punishable."—Lord Brougham.

**GOVERNMENT OFFICES.**—The hours are from ten to four in some offices, and from eleven to five in others. If the attendance in all offices were increased by one hour daily, and the hours from ten to five (a period of daily attendance which I feel sure no man engaged in business will think excessive), were made universal in all offices, one clerk out of every seven now employed would be saved to the country. Nor need there be a proportionate addition to the Superannuation List in consequence of this measure. All temporary clerks might be at once discharged, and the offices in which they are at present employed in a greater proportion than one to seven establishment-clerks should be recruited from the offices where the proportion is less. This brings me to my second point. I believe an interchange of clerks among different offices, of which this might be the introduction, to be most valuable. It cannot, however, be freely carried out until the pay is regulated, not, as at present, by the office in which the work is done, but by the nature of the work itself. As a rule the most impracticable and obstructive men in the Civil Service are those who have spent all their official life in the same department. Their intellects get deadened, and they are utterly unable to cope with any matter out of their daily routine. Books, forms, and returns innumerable are made up with praiseworthy regularity long after the necessity for them has ceased. By a free interchange of officials in different offices much of this would be avoided. It may, however, be urged that time would be lost in initiating a man into the duties of each new office to which he might be transferred. I am able to speak from experience, having served in four different public offices, and it leads me to this conclusion, that any man of average intelligence can learn the duties of any ordinary public office in a very short time. So far from the work being retarded by an interchange of clerks, I believe its conduct would be much facilitated by the greater experience possessed by them, and by the uniformity in the treatment of public business which would necessarily follow, while an amount of vitality would be imported into the service, which would soon show itself in the two forms most acceptable to the country—greater efficiency, greater economy.—Letter of "A Civil Servant," in the "Times."



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